

ONE WEEK OF FESTIVITIES.

CLOSE OF A SEASON OF UNWONTED GAYETIES IN RUSSIA.

Curious Features of Carnival Week in St. Petersburg.—The Unlimited Eating of Buckwheat Cakes.

A correspondent writes that the brilliant festivities inaugurated in St. Petersburg during the past winter were fitly terminated by the carnival week. The chief features of a Russian carnival consist in the unlimited eating of buckwheat cakes and the riding on sleighs with three horses—the Russian "troika"—at a furious rate of speed. Poor and rich, high and low, all contribute for a whole week to eat buckwheat cakes at least twice a day—for breakfast and dinner; all other dishes are well nigh discarded for the time, the Russians feeding exclusively on buckwheat cakes, which they eat with butter, salt and fresh half liquid caviar, taking as many as five, and even to twenty of such at a time, according to the accommodating capacity of one's stomach. Bets are made among men of all social standing, and an occasional sensation is produced when a happy mortal gains the distinction of eating an extraordinary number of these hot cakes. For my part, I have known instances when men would eat on a bet as many as forty buckwheat cakes of a saucer's size at one meal, helping them down with draughts of red wine or hot tea. Such feats are not often achieved, however, because most of the betters believe in helping down the cakes with champagne, and this combination is apt to submit the system to quite an exceptional strain. To make room for the cakes the dinner is generally cut down to a cup of clear "bouillon"; then comes the cakes, brought in a number of times wrapped in napkins to keep them hot; then game is served, of which no one is any more able to partake, and light French "patisserie," champagne and a desert wind up such a dinner.

Parties are organized for "troika" riding to some of the popular out of town resorts, such as Strelna, Elagin Ostrov, Krestovsky, etc. All persons participating in such a winter picnic assemble at the house of one of their common friends; the young people arrange between themselves who is to ride in each of the sleighs, which are of a peculiar shape—very wide and low, with seats for at least six persons, two or three men and as many women seating themselves in each. A couple of sledges are given up to the band of musicians who accompany the party. As soon as the place of their destination is reached champagne, caviar, buckwheat cakes and fruit are served, a liberal lunch is sent out to the coachmen and the musicians, and forthwith dancing begins—sometimes in fancy costumes—lasting far into the small hours of the morning. It is considered the correct thing to spend the whole carnival week in eating, drinking, mad driving and furious dancing, to the utter neglect of all regular occupations and business.

The last carnival was exceptionally gay in St. Petersburg, the imperial court giving the example of almost unprecedented display of amusements, such as balls and saute' etc. A highly successful picnic, organized by the Prince of Oldenburg, was followed by another picnic in which all the haute voice and the imperial family participated, 100 troikas driving as many sledges to the Elagin Ostrov. Notwithstanding all the rage for amusement everything went on smoothly and in perfect order.

Cheap White Sponges.

It is well to be economical, says an exchange, but there is a economy in buying certain articles because they are offered at low prices. Attention has frequently been called, for instance, to the white sponges which are offered for sale by street peddlers and at cheap fancy goods shops. To begin with they are not what they are represented to be—namely, fine sponges. On the contrary, they are very coarse, as a rule, their high color being due to a liberal use of chloride of lime. There would be no harm in this artificial bleaching process were the salt entirely washed out of the sponge by soaking it in clear water or by a solution of an anti-chlorine. But this is not done, as your nose will tell you, and the result has been that people who have used the sponges for toilet purposes have been afflicted with inflamed and smarting eyes. Concerning the use of chloride of lime by these dealers in cheap sponges, a story is told by a New York paper that it is to disinfect the sponges, a necessary process, because of the previous uses to which they have been devoted—washing wounds on hospital patients, and other service. It is difficult to believe that the hospital authorities would permit sponges once used by them to be disposed of at any price. But the sale of them by thoughtless, if not unprincipled servants, could easily be effected without the knowledge of the supervisors of a hospital. Even if they are not sold by servants, they may, sooner or later, reach the rag-picker's hook and from them pass to a bleach kettle. The place to put them where they will do the least harm is the boiler furnace.

It is better to yield a little than to quarrel a great deal. The habit of standing up, as people call it, for their (little) rights is one of the most disagreeable and undignified in the world. Life is too short for the perpetual bickerings which attend such a disposition; and unless a very momentous affair indeed, where other people's claims and interests are involved, it is a question if it is not wiser, happier and more prudent to yield somewhat of precious rights than squabble to maintain them. True wisdom is first to see, then to be able and gentle.

Mr. and Mrs. Spoonpendyke.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Spoonpendyke, gathering up her skirts and making for the door; "now, my dear, we are all ready, aren't we? You take those pots of plants and I'll carry the cut flowers."

"How'm I going to take thirteen pots of plants in two hands?" growled Mr. Spoonpendyke, surveying his job, with dissatisfaction in his eye. "What is there about me that seems to give you the impression that I am a freight train? What d'ye call these things, anyway? What's the ghost standing up here with a candle in his hand. How'm I going to carry these things? That's what I want to know!"

"That's a calla lily, dear," replied Mrs. Spoonpendyke, laying down her flowers and turning to help her husband. "Now, you can take these pots in your arms by letting the edge of one pot rest on the edge of another. Let me show you," and Mrs. Spoonpendyke arranged the pots, neatly folded in clean white paper, in her husband's arms. "That's the way to carry them," she chirped, opening the door for him. "Now you are all right!"

"Expect me to put on my hat with my leg, don't you?" inquired Mr. Spoonpendyke, trying to reach around so that he might see out from his burden. "Praps you think I don't need any decoration while I'm carrying these dog-dashed shrubs! Maybe you think I'd present a more tropical appearance without any hat!"

"I'll put on your hat, dear," fluttered Mrs. Spoonpendyke, and she carefully put it on his head side before and flattened it down until the "back breadth," as she called it, rested on his shoulders. "Now you're all right, dear, be careful of the flowers!"

Mr. Spoonpendyke followed his wife to the street and gave the burden a sort of hitch to relieve himself.

"Here! Look here!" he cried to his wife, "you didn't load me straight! These things are slipping! Fix 'em, can't ye?"

"We haven't far to go," pleaded Mrs. Spoonpendyke, who couldn't see that anything was wrong. "Can't you hold them, dear, till we get to church?"

"Oh, I can't hold 'em!" squealed Mr. Spoonpendyke. "Get out of my eye! Can't you take this yellow lily out of my eye? Look out for my hat! Don't you see it's slipping off? If you don't make some better arrangement about these things the neighbors will be startled presently by the sound of cracking crockery!"

"I hope you won't break any of them," sighed Mrs. Spoonpendyke. Then she pulled his hat over his eyes and took him by the elbow to lead him along.

"Look out!" yelled Mr. Spoonpendyke, as he felt a pot going. "Here's a decoration in danger! Catch it, quick!"

But Mrs. Spoonpendyke was too late. The pot dropped with a crash on Mr. Spoonpendyke's instep and rolled into the gutter.

"Oh, dear!" moaned Mrs. Spoonpendyke.

"There you are!" roared Mr. Spoonpendyke, hopping with pain and dropping another pot. "Satisfied now? Know any one you want to back me against for a garden of Eden? Got any more horticultural societies you want knocked out? Here goes another!" and the third of the series smashed on the sidewalk. "A charge I have to keep," and down came the largest pot of the lot with a prodigious noise.

"Don't!" squealed Mrs. Spoonpendyke, watching the fate of her decorations with dismay.

"I ain't!" yelled Mr. Spoonpendyke, letting go two more in the effort to keep his hat on. "Who is? Get hold of that off representative of the day we celebrate," and Mr. Spoonpendyke clutched wildly at a sliding pot, not that he cared for the flower particularly, but he had felt four drop on his foot and he felt some fears. "Dodg-dash the pot," he squeaked, as it eluded him and landed on his best corn.

"I think you're real mean!" sobbed Mrs. Spoonpendyke, surveying the wreck with streaming eyes.

"You do, do you?" howled Mr. Spoonpendyke, who felt as badly as his wife did now that it was all over. "Praps you had some kind of a notion that those pots would fall when I let go of 'em! Why didn't you put 'em in a bag so a man could carry 'em without spilling 'em? What do you want of decorations, anyway?"

"Because I wanted to help make the church look pretty," and with this explanation Mrs. Spoonpendyke broke down completely and wept bitterly.

"Well, haven't you decorated as much as any woman? What'd you expect? Think people are going to take you for a cathedral just because you take a few shrubs to church once a year? Now you go in the house and don't let me hear any more whimpering. With your notions about duty and your desire to get the best of the other women in the church, you only want a bell in your mouth and a black collar be a whole guild!"

And with this benediction Mr. Spoonpendyke started off to see Speckle-wottle and make some arrangement with him for going fishing as soon as the trout ponds should show signs of breaking up.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

To die in order to avoid the pains of poverty, love or any thing that is disagreeable, is not the part of a brave man, but of a coward; for it is a cowardice to shun the trials and crosses of life, not undergoing death because it is honorable, but to avoid evil.

Seven million rabbits have been killed in Australia in less than a year, and yet there is no sign of diminution. They have become an intolerable curse.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The Indian Territory is as large as the six New England States.

A silver dime was found in the yolk of an egg recently broken at the Plankinton house, Milwaukee.

An eight-day clock that had been given to the wife of Douglas Ottinger, of Erie, Penn., as a wedding present by her husband, stopped at the very moment she died, and cannot be started again.

In a certain part of Texas, many miles from the coast, lie the remains of a ship, high and dry in the prairie grass. She is of Spanish build and supposed to have been driven inland by a tidal wave.

Silver spring, in Georgia, is said to be the largest spring in the world. It is the source of the Oklawaha river, which is sixty feet wide at the start, ten feet deep and with a current flowing two miles an hour.

The oldest son of Farmer Saunders of Richland county, Neb., cut out the tongue of his younger brother because he had threatened to tell their father of some offense that the elder brother had committed.

A well-to-do farmer, living near Reading, Penn., created a sensation by bringing his three young and handsome daughters into court as the plaintiffs in three separate actions for breach of promise of marriage.

Seven inches from the outside of a log in a Pennsylvania mill, the saw passed through a walnut which was imbedded in the solid wood. The shell and kernel of the nut was sound. The growth of the tree shows that the nut is at least fifty years old.

A man living near Lake Louise, in Manitoba, picked up an armful of sticks, and, carrying them home, threw them under the stove. In a few moments two of the sticks began crawling away, having developed into good-sized moccasin snakes.

A railroad train in Virginia ran into a cow and cut the animal in two, the forequarters falling on one side of the railroad track and the hindquarters on the other side. The cow was with calf at the time, and the calf was left on the outside of the roadbed alive. The owner of the cow raised the calf, which grew to be a cow, and was killed near the spot where her mother was killed in 1853.

WISE WORDS.

Doubt indulged becomes doubt realized.

Thinking is the talking of the soul with itself.

We are shaped and fashioned by what we love.

Children have more need of models than of critics.

Wherever affection can spring, it is like the green leaf and the blossom—pure, and breathing purity, whatever soil it may grow in.

Mankind has been learning for six thousand years, and yet how few have learned that their fellow beings are as good as themselves.

In all life's doings there are circuitous paths; and nine times out of ten, when a man seems to be doing one thing, he is doing another.

Charity toward the weakness of human nature is a virtue which we demand in others, but which we find very hard to practice ourselves.

Old age is the night of life, as night is the old age of the day. Still, night is full of magnificence; and for many it is more brilliant than the day.

Man is greater than a world, than systems of worlds; there is more mystery in the union of souls with the physical than in the creation of a universe.

A Musical Bed.

The latest freak of a foreign visitor to Paris, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, is, without doubt, the order for a musical bed. Such an article of domestic comfort was thought to be a myth, but an Indian rajah has just ordered one from the celebrated firm of Christopher Brothers. The bed is made of mahogany, embossed with silver plates, artistically carved to represent Venus and Cupid. The ornamentation is principally in the Indian style, but the carved roses and entwined flowers are planned on the delicate French style that is so attractive. The value of the material alone that has been used in the construction of this novel piece of furniture is 18,000 francs and before it is completed it will be worth 60,000 francs.

The mattress is covered with light-blue damask satin, and embroidered with gold flange silk. The act of reclining upon this beautiful work starts the musical box, which plays selections from Gounod, "The Funeral March of a Marionette" being the most attractive.

The greatest piece of mechanism yet remains to be told. The spring that sets the musical box in motion connects also with each corner of the bedstead, where four figures of women stand, carved life-size and painted to represent living creatures. On being started they gently wave the plumed fans that are placed in their hands and move their eyes so naturally that a casual observer might mistake them for animated beings.

This is somewhat a strange bed, even for an Indian prince, but as the world grows to appreciate the sight of wealth more and more in everyday life, it is to be presumed that many innovations of this nature will find their way into the mansions of the wealthy.

Chicago has had sixty-nine undoubted murders since the beginning of the year 1881, and of all the murderers only one has been hanged.

THE "BLACK HAND" SOCIETY.

RISE AND FALL OF A MYSTERIOUS ORDER IN SPAIN.

An Organization With 50,000 Members. Charged With Strange Crimes—More Than 1,000 Arrests.

The London Telegraph, speaking of the arrest of 1,000 members of the "Black Hand" Society, gives this account of an extraordinary organization which sprang up recently in Spain:

Never since the prisons of the French Revolution sent its victims in tumbrils to the guillotine has so motley a crowd been gathered within the walls of a jail. Ordinarily noisome enough, the Andalusian prisons have now a close resemblance to the Black Hole of Calcutta. Penned together in the foul cells, the floor covered with dirty straw, with a loaf of hard bread in one corner and a jug of muddy water in the other, lie, now moodily silent, now swearing and jesting, forbidden to throw dice or play cards, these wild-eyed peasants, some of them old and white-haired, with a blanket thrown over them, others of them young and stalwart, with a cloak thrown jauntily over their shoulder. Friends they had outside, for letters and food found their way into their midst; and sympathetic crowds gathered at the gates howling for the release of the prisoners.

There is no more lovely valley in the world than that in which the city of Xeres is placed. Luxuriant vegetation fringes the rivers which traverse it majestically. Vast herds feed on the slopes. Wealth untold and still unsought lies hidden in the rocky soil. A patient population, accustomed to poverty, till the fields in patience, paying to others the fruit of their labor, earning for themselves a scanty subsistence. Middlemen of the class best known in Ireland and in Egypt gather their rent or serve them with notices of eviction. Their landlords are grandees who live in Madrid, buzzing round the court of the young King Alfonso, never moved to visit their territories in the South.

But there came a time when the peasants refused to recognize the claim of the land-owners—refused to pay rent to the middlemen. Civil guards and soldiers were sent against them. Then began a carnival of crime. Robbery on the highway, cattle-stealing, incendiarism, destruction of vineyards, moonlight attacks—these were for months the burden of the newspapers. Threatening letters were received by the authorities; land-owners fled from the rural districts. Among the wine-growers of Xeres the socialist propaganda had been spread. Many murders were reported in lonely parts of the country; dozens of people mysteriously disappeared. Judges came down with extraordinary powers; civil guards conducted the most rigid investigations, but nothing of importance could be learned. At last a servant called on his master, told him that he was deputed by a secret society to kill him, and gave information where the leaders of the society might be found. On the following night an attack was made on a lonely farm; the assailants, driven off, left one of their number behind, and he, being at the point of death, made a confession attributing the deed to the instigation of a secret society.

This was discovered the organization of "The Black Hand." Its leaders were a schoolmaster, a smuggler and a brigand. Its inspiration came from the defunct "Internationale." Its plan of action was to tempt the discontented operatives and farm laborers into its ranks, offering them relief in sickness or old age, and promising that their material condition should be improved. Within the circle of casual recruits was formed an inner circle, which gave itself the name of "The Black Hand," and printed a black hand on every warning notice which it sent out. It held its sessions by torchlight, the members wearing masks. It decoyed its victims into lonely glens, slew and buried them there. It established secret juntas over the entire region, and partly by persuasion, partly by force, compelled 50,000 persons to join its ranks. It boasts that it has branches in Murcia, Estremadura and Portugal, and allies in every socialist society in the world. But as soon as the civil guards were on its track, and the wholesale arrests that were made proved the law to be in earnest, it vanished as suddenly as it arose.

"Captain John's" Way.

"Captain John," of the Bodie (Nev.) Platers, has hit upon a happy way of curing the Indians of his tribe of getting drunk. The Free Press says that he keeps a long rope in his private office, and when the drunk reels to the wicketup he is captured. John calls on two of his lieutenants and they march the prisoner to a deserted shaft forty feet deep and lower him to the boom. He is kept there forty-eight hours. During the Indian's imprisonment he is fed on bread and water. Captain John says that this system of treatment will be thoroughly tested, and if it fails to have the desired effect some other plan will be devised for destroying the taste for Bodie whisky.

Opposed to Oaths.

John Bright, as a Quaker, is opposed to the administration of oaths. He says: "The practice of swearing to the truth of anything, makes two kinds of truth or truthfulness. If oaths are of any avail, by so much as they make truth more certain, by so much they lessen the value of an ordinary statement, and diminish the probability of its truth. If ignorant persons are not sworn, they think they may tell lies with impunity, and their lying is made to a large extent blameless in their eyes."

THE BAD BOY AND HIS PA.

DRIVEN FROM HOME ON ACCOUNT OF A LITTLE JOKE.

The Groceryman Licks a Stamp for the Little Imp.—How the Bad Boy Was Sent Adrift by His Pa.

"Say, will you do me a favor," asked the bad boy of the grocery man, as he sat down on the soap box and put his wet boots on the stove.

"Well, y-e-s," said the grocery man, hesitatingly, with a feeling that he was liable to be sold. "If you will help me to catch the villain who hangs up those disreputable signs in front of my store, I will. What is it?"

"I want you to lick this stamp and put it on this letter. It is to my girl, and I want to fool her," and the boy handed over the letter and stamp, and while the grocery man was licking it and putting it on, the boy filled his pockets with dried peaches out of a box.

"There, that's a small job," said the grocery man, as he pressed the stamp on the letter with his thumb and handed it back. "But how are you going to fool her?"

"That's just the business," said the boy, as he held the letter to his nose and smelled of the stamp. "That will make her tired. You see, every time she gets a letter from me she kisses the stamp, because she thinks I licked it. When she kisses this stamp and gets the fumes of plug tobacco, and stale beer, and Limburg cheese, and moldy potatoes, it will knock her down, and then she will ask me what ailed the stamp, and I will tell her I got you to lick it, and then it will make her sick, and her parents will stop trading here. Oh, it will paralyze her. Do you know, you smell like a glue factory. Gosh, I can smell you all over the store. Don't you smell anything that smells spoiled?"

The grocery man thought he did smell something that was rancid, and he looked around the stove and finally kicked the boy's foot off the stove and said: "It's your boots burning. Gracious, open the door. It smells like a hot box on a caboose. Whew! And there comes a couple of my best lady customers." The ladies came in and held their handkerchiefs to their noses, and while they were trading the boy said, as though continuing the conversation:

"Yes, pa says that last oleomargarine I got here is nothing but axle grease. Why don't you put your axle grease in a different kind of a package? The only way you can tell axle grease from oleomargarine is in spreading it on pancakes. Pa says axle grease will spread, but your alleged butter just rolls right up and acts like lip salve or ointment, and is only fit to use on a sore."

At this point the ladies went out of the store in disgust, without buying anything, and the grocery man took a dried codfish by the tail and went up to the boy and took him by the neck. "Gobblast you, I have a notion to kill you. You have driven away more custom from this store than your neck is worth. Now you git," and he struck the boy across the back with the codfish.

"That's just the way with you all," says the boy, as he put his sleeve up to his eyes and pretended to cry. "When a fellow is up in the world, there is nothing too good for him, but when he gets down you maul him with a codfish. Since pa drove me out of the house, and told me to go shirk for my living, I haven't had a kind word from anybody. My chum's dog won't even follow me, and when a fellow gets so low down that a dog goes back on him there is nothing left for him to do but loaf around a grocery, or sit on a jury, and I am too young to sit on a jury, though I know more than some of the beats that lay around the court to get on a jury. I am going to drown myself and my death will be laid to you. They will find evidences of codfish on my clothes, and you will be arrested for driving me to a suicide's grave. Good-bye, I forgive you," and the boy started for the door.

"Hold on here," says the grocery man, feeling that he had been too harsh. "Come back here and have some maple sugar. What did your pa drive you away from home for?"

"Oh, it was on account of St. Patrick's day," said the bad boy as he bit off half a pound of maple sugar and dried his tears. "You see, pa never sees ma buy a new silk handkerchief, but he wants it. 'Tother day ma got one of those orange-colored handkerchiefs, and pa immediately had a sore throat and he wanted to wear it, and ma let him put it on. I thought I would break him of taking everything nice that ma got, so when he went downtown with the orange handkerchief on his neck, I told some of the St. Patrick boys in the Third ward, who had green ribbons on, that the old duffer that was putting on style was an orangeman, and he said he could whip any St. Patrick's day man in town. The fellers laid for pa, and when he came along one of them threw a barrel at pa, and another pulled the yellow handkerchief off his neck, and they all yelled 'hang him,' and one grabbed a rope that was on the sidewalk where they were moving a building, and pa got up and dusted. You'd a dide to see pa run. He met a policeman and said 'more'n a hundred men had tried to murder him, and they had mauled him and stolen his yellow handkerchief.' The policeman told pa his life was not safe and he better go home and look himself in, and he did, and I was telling ma about how I got the boys to scare pa, and he heard it, and he told me that settled it. He said I had caused him to run more foot races than any champion pedestrian, and had made his life unbearable and now I must go it alone. Now I want you to send a couple of pounds of crackers over to the house, and have your

boy tell the hired girl that I have gone down to the river to drown myself, and she will tell ma, and ma will tell pa, and pretty soon you will see a baldheaded pussy man whooping it up toward the river with a rope. They may think, at times, that I am a little tough, but when it comes to parting forever, they weaken. "Well, I am going down to the river, and I will leave my coat and hat by the wood yard, and get behind the wood, and you steer pa down there and you will see some tall weeping over them clothes, and maybe pa will jump in after me, and then I will come out from behind the wood and throw in a board for him to swim ashore on. Good-bye. Give my pocket comb to my chum," and the boy went out and hung up a sign in front of the grocery, as follows: "Pop corn that the cat has slept in, cheap for pop corn balls for societies."—*Peck's Sun.*

A New Lime-Kiln Club Lecture.

"I wish to displain," said Brother Gardner, as he adjusted his spectacles and brushed up his front hair, "I wish to displain dat de Hon. Higginbottom Lawless, of Kosciusko, Miss., an' present in de auinty-room an' burnin' to deliver his celebrated address on 'Sentiment.' He arrove heah three or four days ago, an' has finished my las' bar'l of apples, worn my Sunday coat right along, an' will be deadhead on me till he kin spoke dis piece an' catch a mixed freight train gwine to Toledo. De committee will escort him, an' if dat water-pail an' upshot or any lambs knocked down doorn' his delibery, de guilty wretch or wretches will receive a lesson dat will remain solid for a hundred y'ars."

The Hon. Lawless appeared with a pair of red mittens in one hand and a lemon in the other, and such was his placidity of mind that when he bit into one of the mittens in place of the lemon he never even changed color. He sized up five feet and six inches, intelligent expression, head cast in the shape of a pear, and feet large enough to trample an onion bed out of sight. He mounted the platform like a steer climbing a side hill, bowed right and left in response to the applause, and quietly began:

"My fren's, I cannot dispress de pleasure and gratification which I feel to fin' mys'lf standin' heah under de sacred shingles of Paradise Hall—a structure whose name an' household greets de ear. (Applause.) I would rather stan' heah than be buried under a \$10,000 monument. (Cheers.)"

"De subject ob my address an' Sentiment. What an sentiment? Whar do we git it, an' what an it worf by de pound when de market an' not oberstocked? I answer dat sentiment an' a sort of 'lasses an' mush surroundin' de heart. In some cases it hardens up an' turns to stun, while in others it thins out until de heart fluffy floats in a pond o' sweetness. (Applause.) Sentiment has considerable to do wid every ackshun in our everyday life. An bizness when you start out to borry a pan of flour or a basket ob 'taters, I am sentiment dat causes a naybur to lend, instead of denanlin' spot cash. (Wild applause from Judge Cadaver.)"

"Bizness ak'tuates de lazy an' de shiftless to sot out an' beg cold vittles an' old clothes an' dimes an' quarters. Sentiment ak'tuates women to shed tears ober 'em an' stock 'em up wid 'tuff to loaf on for another month. When we have a kickin' hoss our sentiment an' 'pealed to. We argy that the safety of our loved ones requires us to trade dat annille off to some preacher who wants a perfectly reliable hoss. Dat's one kind of sentiment. When we buy an excursion ticket to Niagara Falls, an' reach de grand catract arter a thirty hours' sweat on de cattle cars, de immense waste of water 'peals to another sort of sentiment. When we luv we reveal another phase of sentiment. If de gal an' high-toned and rich de sentiment an' all solid. If she an' only average an' in debt, de sentiment an' purty thin, an' won't last longer dan de first bill fur meat comes in. (Cries of 'You bet!')

"My fren's, sentiment writes poetry wid one hand an' tans de backs of de children wid de other. It guides our thoughts to friends ober de sea, an' sends old clothes to rela-huns in Wisconsin. It makes us shed tears fur de dead, an' yit warns us to cut de undertaker's bill down twenty per cent. Sentiment tells us to luv our fellow-men, an' yit whispers to us to lock our doahs an' place torpedoes in our hen-roosts. (Groans.) I have been lookin' into de matter fur de las' forty-eight y'ars, an' I has cum to de conclusion dat it was a wise thing to purvide de human race wid sentiment. If it had bin left out by any accident in de mixin' de bes' man among us wouldn't have got a bid if put up at auction along wid a lot of fence-posts. I could talk to you fur three straight weeks on dis subjeck, but obsarvin' dat my half hour an' up, I will chop off right heah, an' hope dat it may be my pleasure at some fuder day to meet you agin. Any pusson who wants his fortune told will find me in de auinty-room fur de nex' two hours."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A writer in an Eastern exchange tells in poetry what he will do "when the flower time comes." That's all right, but unless he stops writing such poetry and gets down to solid business, he will be walking toward the flower time. There are too many "flower time" poets from the East who are now spending their later days "jacking" logs in a Western sawmill to be any encouragement to this new poet.—*Peck's Sun.*

It is well said that a man is not always making a point when he gets off a sharp thing.